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FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS





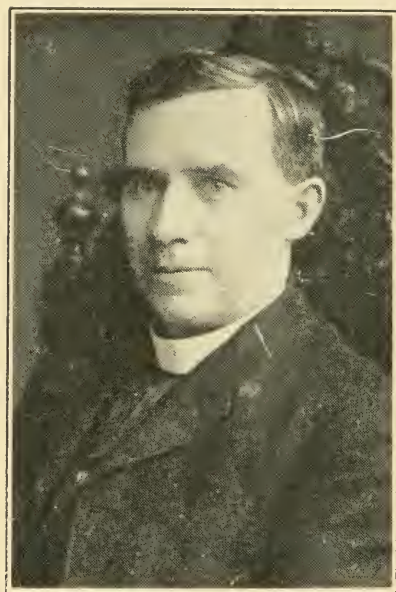
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FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS



"NO CROSS! NO CROWN!"



Glynn, Thomas J.

Father Glynn's Poems



1922

THE STRATFORD CO., PUBLISHERS

Boston, Massachusetts

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Preface

THESE verses (which some friends call by the higher title of poems), were written during a busy missionary life. They were written at random, just when the mood came, with little of study, less of art and always in a hurry. The author's feet know more of the humble steps that lead up to the altar and the hospital ward than of the steps that lead us to Parnassus and the home of the muses. Many of these lyrics are forcible descriptions of the virtues and activities of the prominent men and women of this locality. The verses have been published mostly in the local magazines and newspapers of Western Pennsylvania during the past thirty years. The author, Rev. Thomas J. Glynn, chaplain of St. Joseph's hospital, city, is also favorably known as a poet-priest and inventor. An article on "Interesting People" in the December number, 1921, of the American magazine, among other interesting things ends as follows: "Charles M. Schwab sat in the Duquesne club the other day discussing the achievements of Tom Glynn."

"'Genius,' he observed, 'is as irrepressible as the spirit of Tom Glynn itself. Tom is the

PREFACE

type of man depicted by the variously attributed pronouncement. If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door. And that's what has happened in Tom's case."

The author has lived familiarly with the best people of all religious denominations and therefore has the kindest feelings and the broadest charity for all in the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. During the past eight years the author has devoted his life to giving religious consolation to the sick in the hospital.

He is with the hearts that are harrowed by care

As God and His angels are there.

And they wear holy veils on their faces,

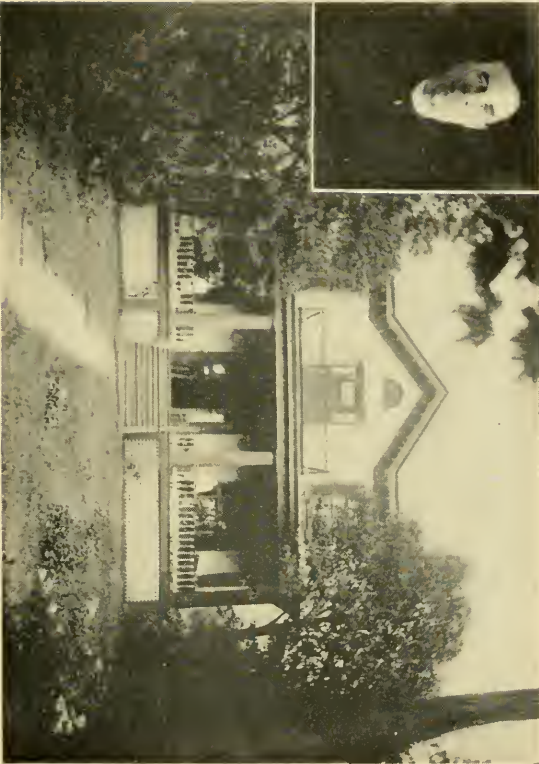
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:

They pass through this world lily virgins

Too pure for the touch of a word.

—*The Author.*

N. B.—Whilst introducing the Rev. Father Glynn recently at the Duquesne University the Very Rev. Martin Hehir, President of the University made the following remarks: "Father Glynn who is one of the judges in this oratorical contest is an able orator himself. He is also recognized as the Poet-Laureate of this Diocese. He is also an inventor recognized by the Naval Commission during the World's War, therefore we do not exaggerate when we announce that The Rev. Father Glynn is one of the most prominent priests in America. He could have been as prominent as Schwab or Edison in the industrial world had he not chosen to follow the much higher priestly vocation."



HOME OF FATHER THOS. J. GLYNN

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Dedicated to

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY NEXT TO THE
PRINCE-PRIEST

FATHER GALLITZIN

ONE OF CAMBRIA COUNTY'S MOST
FAMOUS SONS

In Memory of My Mother

My Mother was the fairest, sweetest flower in
our land.

And blessed was I with a Father who had pious
care

Of his seven children, a faithful man of prayer.
Full oft have poets pictured Madonnas good and
fair

And searched the heavens and the earth for
ideals rare,

Like Dante's love for his Beatrice — bland.

But my Mother was the most devout on God's
fair earth,

For three score years and more, yea from my
birth

She cherished me, protected me from every harm
As she had vowed me to Heaven when I was born.

Rich and glossy dark was her waving hair,

Her face and noble brow like the Madonna's fair,

But, oh her heart and soul were so full of love

As could be equalled only by the Mother of God
above.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

In Rest

The Right Rev. Mons. John Boyle

The saintly Mountains weep,
A Saint John the Baptist, a Prince Gallitzin
sleeps,
And Father John Boyle has gone to his eternal
rest.

The virgin snow is now his winding sheet,
Johnstown and all his Mountain Children weep,
And mourn a prophet saint who came their souls
to keep.

High o'er this Mountain Town he stood,
Weeping the morning after the fatal flood,
When all her children weeping, wandered to
and fro,

Almost overwhelmed in their awesome woe.
But in his heart he hears the divine command,
The beauteous bow of heaven shines o'er this
stricken land.

Like Saint John the Baptist he hears the call,
And vows to heaven he will give his life for all.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

His zeal was ever active, firm his will,
In every soul he met, God's weal he would instill.
Let us his children pray and never cease
That God may give his soul eternal peace.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The White Rose

A large white rose on the altar high
Keeps smiling at me, I wonder why?
"St. Dominic placed me here they say
To watch and pray on his festal day.
While Mother Martha is busy in hospital ward,
The Infant Bambino and I keep guard."
But a red rose was pleading near by.
"Oh, would that I had always watched on high."

Dedicated to
SISTER BONAVENTURE
AND THE OTHER GOOD, KIND,
HOSPITAL SISTERS

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS*

That Joyous Seventh Inning

Six times the valiant Nehf
Retired our boys in gloom.
But in the famous seventh
We sent the Giants to their doom.

Hysteric joy now filled the stands
As score on score we gained.
'Twas like a million dollars
To see the fun that reigned.

Oh, there is gloom on Broadway,
Though bright lights flash on high;
'Tis gleeful Pittsburgh's joyous cry:
The Mighty Kelly, clever Evers and McGraw,
the owner,
Can never forget that day they met
And pulled the famous boner.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Modest Nature's Dress

All nature at first the Creator blessed,
And with modest heavenly beauty dressed
The bronzed bark enshrining trees and plants,
With beauteous foliage our parents first enchants.
The haughty rose, fairest beauty known,
Blooms regally in nature's garden blown.
Behold again the virgin lily fair,
That reigns a queen of all the virtues rare.

Yet the God of nature sweetly says
Solomon in all his glory never was clothed as
the least of these.

The graceful priestly robes we wear,
Are modest on solemn festals fair.
And the richest, rarest altars maze
And bloom with modest flowers our Lord to
praise.

When all nature dresses with such modest care,
Why should not you maidens dress modestly and
fair?

The Vampire Poppy

The vampire poppy hath a beauty and a charm,
More fatal than Cleopatra's graceful arm.
Within the poppy's pampered, sinful breast,
The rose, the lily and the modest daisies rest.
Yet its beauty and its tainted breath
Bring men a sleep far worse than death.
The dope fiend shrieks in his lone padded cell,
And damns the keepers to the lowest hell,
And cries for more, and more—but one grain
more.
“I'll give a million but for one grain more!”
Beware, beware, in time its fatal glow,
Its very taste may bring eternal woe.
The devil may have made the poppy's leaven,
But God's grace can conquer it, and bring us
safe to Heaven.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Holy Name

Forty thousand strong they came,
Marched forward for His Holy Name;
Silent yet loud their acts proclaim
Reverence for God and His Holy Name.

Service for God and His Holy Name,
Service for our free land and its glorious fame,
A silent protest for those who profane
The honor of God and His Holy Name.

The banners of God are the banners of fame;
With the Stars and Stripes our faith proclaim;
In the land of the free Columbia's fame
We honor God and His Holy Name.

Salute of St. Vincent's Alumni
Association

*To the Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop-Elect of the
Diocese of Pittsburg*

Our Holy Father has blest a worthy Mother's
Son,

A son of Johnstown, our happy mountain home,

A Son of St. Vincent's great University,

A son of Pittsburg's honored see

Come rosy fingered morn, the mother of dawn,

Rejoice with us this honored, glorious day!

Come mellow muse and sing thy sweetest song.

Come sing thy grandest and most glorious
melody!

Let all Alumni sing with joy and praise,

Let all St. Vincent's Sons sing happy lays!

Bishop Boyle, our honored guest, we all salute
thee with our song!

May thy reign be glorious, happy, good and
long!

May the Lord protect and bless thee all thy
days!

And make thy reign one long, sweet song of
praise!

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

On the Flight of Youth

*(Written on His Sixty-second Birthday, Sunday,
February 5, 1922)*

When youth flies away
On the wings of time,
Will kind memory soothe us
In our heart's decline?

Will our motives make good
For the slips of our feet,
Or might-have-been things
Seem sad or sweet?

When our dark, glossy hair
Gives way to the snow,
Will the youth of our minds
Bring back the old glow?

Will we wish we had walked
O'er the narrow, straight way,
That leads to sweet joys
Of eternity's day?



FATHER GLYNN, NOW SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE

Mac Swiney Died That Erin Might Live

The British vampire trembles near her fall,
The ruthless hand of fate points to the wall;
As nations sow so shall they reap
And tumble headlong in a ruined heap;

The mightly Babylon fell at Daniel's word,
And so shall Britain fall across the sword;
MacSwiney died as Eleazer died,
As the seven sons of Maccabee and mother
died.

"We would rather die than feast and dine
On foul, forbidden, pagan swine;
We offer our lives to God but not in vain,
Full well we know that we shall rise again."

O'er Jerusalem's temple and city fair
Flew prodigious signs and omens—horses in the
air;
The wicked Antiochus now writhes and
squirms,
Plagued to his death with gnawing worms.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

As wicked Babylon and Rome heard the fatal
call.

So shall Brixton and the English tower fall.

MacSwiney died that Erin might live—

Gave the eternal sacrifice of his life,

All that man can give.

The noblest proof of faith and sincerity.

Can we understand the patriotic desire,

The long, long fast and vigil, the martyr's fire

That burns within his heart?—

Then let us awake and prove our part.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Anniversary of Dante Alighieri

Heavenly choirs and all ye spirits kind
Come wake my heart and soul and mind
Sing of the immortal Dante. The man
Who pierced the infernal regions of the damned
Where murderous, fratricidal legions planned
Against the law divine, the eternal plan.
Where "All who enter here abandon hope,"
In piercing non consuming flames they grope.
With Virgil leading him through purging
 realms
They sadly see the highest who held the helms
Of Peter's Ship; but pride's fame, hireling's
 hire
Now holds them sad in transient purging fire.
Now the golden gates of heavenly Paradise
With Beatrice leading to the skies
Open to immortal Dante, no more to roam
This greatest genius has found a glorious home.

The Woman With the Golden Tongue

Dedicated to Margot Asquith

She is not old, she is not young,
The woman with the golden tongue;
With noble brow and modest eye,
Her golden words to Heaven fly.
Christian vestal, virgin sung,
The woman with the golden tongue;
Her kindly speech, her gentle hand,
Inspire the worthiest of our land.
Support the just, impel the brave,
With flowers kindly deck his grave.
Chaste and pure, a faithful wife,
And mother, highest form in life,
True blood will call, true blood will tell.
As tuneful notes from golden bell,
In tuneful numbers be she sung,
The woman with the golden tongue.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

A British Wireless Parlor

A Grey British spider
Built a wireless on high,
With antennae the finest
To please a critic's eye.
"Come Lodge in my parlor"
Said this spider to a dove
"You can bore a nest to suit you
In its mystic rooms above."
"Its soft silken curtain
Has a tone of quiet ease,
You must not be uncertain,
As you are the dove of peace."
In this parlor I have entertained
The greatest of your land,
I have dined them, I have wined them
Until they felt O very bland,"
But the dove says 'I thank you,'
"I'm aware, John, you've done your best,"
"But the American dove once disturbed in
love
Never returns to the same nest."

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Welcome to a Sparkling Spring

Welcomed thou cold, clear sparkling spring
From kind nature's font distilling,
Long lost to me. The wines and wiles of art
And follies' flattery from hence depart,
O joyous purling spring! O boyhood days!
When thou did'st quench my thirst always.
Oft have I longed again to welcome thee
But habit's fatal folly hindered me.
Returned at last thou bringest back my youth
And happiness supreme. In soothe
Thou art an angel with mirrored face
Bringing me both earthly joy and heaven's
 grace.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Call for Golden Action

While treasury groans with bullion's weight
I have no coin to pay my freight;
My railroad cars and my railway
Are rusting idle all the day.

Should gold be stored while men decay?
Are golden values to be hid away?
Is good water to be sealed tight in reservoir?
Whilst the land below is parched by fire?

My barns are burdened with golden wheat,
Whilst my men cry out for some to eat;
Why not bring out your golden steeds,
And make them useful for our needs?

Bring out your golden chariots' store;
Awake our industries from shore to shore;
Make use of gold that came our ways,
And God will bless you all your days.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Shy Narcissus

Come sweet shy Narcissus, Asphodel,
Why leave the nymphs so lonely from thy spell?
Art thou the poppy's long lost child,
Wandering through meadows and forest wild?
Who was thy father or thy mother kind
Begetting thee on the wings of the wind?
Why dost thou gaze into the fount's clear face,
Mirage like to see thy own sweet self always?
Pine, pine, pine away.
Who seeks self alone, seeks sure decay.
The nymphs will lift thee from thy cenotaph.
The muses sing thy dirge and epigraph
The gods protect thee from all evil charms
And place thee in thy lily mother's arms.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary

*Of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Schwab, Parents of
Charles M. Schwab*

Sing, sing, sweet Muses, sing today!
O, sing a joyous, golden melody!
Sing of the sixty jeweled years,
Sing of the father and mother rare,
Sing of their children's joys without fears.
All Cambria's sons and daughters fair,
Salute their noble, virtuous pair.
The good Loretto sings thy praise,
In the beautiful chapel thy son did raise.
Johnstown and Altoona sing on high,
And all the Mountains send joyous cry,
And thank the Lord in all His ways.
O, may thy years grow in virtue, more and more,
To gain, at last, Heaven's happy shore.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Kaiser's Soliloquy

“I am the Great Samsonian Amazonides,
When I thundered forth my unter boats
I hurled the British dreadnaughts howling to
 their gods,
(And the gay fickle Paris hid himself in Helen's
 cloak)
I tore the mighty Czar from his tyrant throne
And lifted his servile Slavs to rule their own,
I challenged the Great Goddess of American
 Liberty
In New York's noble bay,
And I made her eagle scream with fright,
Whilst she flew from the White Mountain to the
 Rockies
To gather her brave men and branded gold.
But the Eagle came, saw and conquered
And now I die as Belshazzar died,
As Cheops, Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon
 died.
My destiny and fate I leave to God,
My poor, weak body to the silent sod.”

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

In Memory of Monsignor Joseph Suhr

Monsignor Joseph Suhr hears the Divine call,
Bowed to the Eternal Will that ever beckons all.
Ad sum, I am here, O Lord, he said,
As on ordination's morn he bows his head.
Few men have had so many gifts combined,
Grace, piety and learning artly joined.
Active like Martha in building God's temples
fair,
Yet passive like Mary ever devout in prayer.
A massive fund he had of theologic lore,
Science, wisdom, knowledge more and more,
Yet he was as unassuming as a child,
Meek and humble and wonderfully mild.
To come before his presence was a learned feast,
And each returned a better man, a better priest.
Service for God he ever kept in view,
The pillar of our diocese, we priests all knew.
His faith shone o'er the mystic paths of strife,
And helped us all to lead a higher life.
His life was such as to test the poet's pen,
But surely seldom shall we see his like again.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Outstanding and distinguished among his
fellow men,
He hears the Requiescat, Gloria, and the grand
Amen.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Ezra Wilberforce Lightner

Dead! No! Such men can never die!

The cultured spirit that enshrined him

Must live as long as art can live.

A change has come upon the spirit of his dream

That wafts him to the stars he loved so well.

Sweet symphonies and rhapsodies

Welcome him to the kindly light of Heaven,

Where Liszt will welcome him

To see Murillo's Virgin and Madonna fair,

And all the choirs of Heaven will sing,

"Here is a man who knew and loved his fellow
men .

And lived life well, according to the lights he
knew."

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Easter Sign of Life Renewed

As melodiously worded by Strickland Gillilan—
"Oh, book that first proclaimed the story of lives re-
lived in greater glory! Full proof of everything you
say lies all about on Easter day, when flowers, even as
souls of men, rise from their tombs and live again"—
so is the significance of the celebration expressed by
the chaplain in St. Joseph's Hospital:

The glorious, joyous sun of Easter morn
Proclaims the resurrection of Christ reborn.
The heavens proclaim the Lord has risen,
The angel announes the tomb is riven.

The ever faithful Mary's call,
The Lord has risen radiant over all.
All men and maidens lift your eyes on high,
The face of nature blooms with majesty.

Now love and sacrifice have been esteemed,
The tragic drama closes with mankind re-
deemed.
All nature mirrors forth the Redeemer's love

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Lord triumphant reigns on His throne
above.

Oh, would that we might rise from sin's melee,
And crush the serpent's head this glorious day.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Recalls Spelling Bee

Ah, Mr. Editor, you must have a heart to please
Going back in mem'ry to those "spellin' bees."
Fifty years and more in Johnstown's Mountain
schools

When but a boy of 10 I kept the rules,
We had no domestic science of the vocational
training brand

Except that our good, old mother taught us o'er
the land.

But we could spell Popocatpetl and iztac-
cihuatl, too,

Renaissance with punctuality and rendezvous.
Ah, I was a proud, little hero on Exhibition
Day,

When I spelt down my Prof. S. B. McCormick
on "chamois."

He spelt it "shammy" as it sounded that way,
But I fear he was shamming on Exhibition Day,
Now we are editors, priests, lawyers, doctors
and business men,

But the "spellin' bees" brought out the best in
us then.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Bambino Mio, Home Run King of Swat

O Bambino Mio, Home Run King of Swat,
Ten million fans await the happy day—
(A Merry Christmas Day)
Ten million joyous boys, men aged and gray—
When they may see and feel thy scepter's magic
 sway.
Lo! gods and goddesses now fill the stands,
While shimmering fans keep time with jazzing
 bands,
And wait with high suspense to see or read
Of the magic circle being squared indeed.
How mighty Yellow Horse must smile on thee,
And Johnson feed his ins and outs to thee,
While fifty thousand "fans" shriek shouts to
 thee
To swat the "pesky pill" high o'er the Forbes
 Field wall
And "smash" all records. "Yea, Babe Ruth,"
 kill the ball,
Thou greatest Home Run King of all!

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Coal Miner

Down deep in dreary, darkened cavern's gloom
The miner hastens early to his daily doom.
A solemn stillness rules what e'er the fates be-
tide;
Eternal darkness reigns on every side.

The dimmed light upon his greasy cap
Reminds him of the dreaded gas mishap.
Full prone he lies upon his weary back
And its pick, pick, pick, crack, crack, crack.

Oft in the sordid gloom his day dreams rise;
He hopes a better fate for his own boys.
Full oft the ambulance in dreary black
Brings home his corpse or with a broken back
And it's pick, pick, pick or crack, crack, crack.

As the miner is most worthy of his hire
Those crushing him should dread eternal fire.
But men must work and women pray
And the Lord help the miner to keep the wolf
away.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

With a Mine Mule

When but 13 years of age he had to quit his
school.

Although he was not tall he thought he knew it
all,

So at 60 cents a day, non-union pay,

He tried to drive a mule.

The mule looked meek and mild, and as the boy
was rather wild,

He pitied the poor mule ;

For this mule seemed much too slow for a boy
that wished to go

At some pace.

So he lashed the mule with a thorny switch,

And soon was landed in a ditch quite surprised
at his disgrace,

Then he climbed upon his back to dispute the
right of way,

When he came to a pile of slack the mule knelt
as if to pray,

Then he rolled him off his back, rolled over 10
times, I say.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

When he got up, the mule shook himself quite
 gay.

Yet he mounted him again to have his own way
But still this stubborn mule kept up his kicking
 rule.

And as the boy wasn't born a fool he resolved
 to quit this mule,

To return a wiser youth to school, this time to
 stay,

But before he quit, as he had some wit he had
 the boys

To strike and win 85 cents a day.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

A Water-Power Vision

All human knowledge is a relative thing;
Depends like peace on what our minds can
bring,

Some minds the mystic depths of faith perceive,
And found their knowledge on divine belief.

Had our minds the radium's active glow,
To see through all with X-ray's radiant flow,
Ten trillion miles the eye could see with ease,
Bring near the distant Vega and sublime
Betelgeuse,

But yesterday we smiled at aerial flight,
Yet Langley made the plane of motor used by
Wright.

Marconi sends us wireless over the seven seas;
Edison gives light and music enshrined our
souls to please.

Providence hides nature's secrets in the soil,
That a Madame Curie, may discover radium by
her toil,

What may be next for greatest power of all?
Gravitation with the buoyant water's fall.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The magnetic force of gravitation's speed,
Controlled by man may give us all we need;
When we may sit and sing all day in ease,
Enjoy forever the golden age of peace.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

J. M. J.

My first poem dedicated to my beloved Professor Father Tabb, the poet-priest. He was delighted with my first boy-hood effort and presented me kindly with a volume of Poe's Poems. I shall always remember him in my prayers as he taught me first how to love the good, the true and the beautiful.

The Fox and the Crow

In times of old the story goes,
That beasts could speak as well as crows;
Who oft their joyful praises sung,
With artful use of golden tongue.

One morn in merry month of May,
As Reynard goes his stealthy way;
A Crow is sitting in the trees,
In calm content and happy ease.

Now Reynard raised his cunning eyes,
To see if aught he might surprise;
And looking keenly to the sky
Espied the Crow a sitting high.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Then peering once again he sees,
That in her beak she holds some cheese,
Resolving then with might and main,
The tempting morsel to obtain.

And turning to the silly bird,
He thus addressed with flattering word,
"My charming friend, how sweet you look,
Your plumes reflect the silvery brook."

"They say your voice is very sweet,
You with the morning lark compete.
And if 'tis true you sing so well,
You are the queen of all the dell."

The Crow elated now with pride,
Began to swing from side to side;
Then trying hard some notes to trill,
The cheese it fell from out her bill.

Now Reynard ran and took the cheese,
And hastened 'neath the lofty trees;
Reflecting on his homeward way;
The lesson taught the Crow that day.

Moral; Beware of flattery! Beware of vain
pride, that often lures us on the brink of a
precipice and then like a fiery thunder-bolt
hurls us to destruction.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

J. M. J.

TO MY MASTER MR. FRANK McKENNA

I

Youthful master we must leave thee.

Our studies now are nearly o'er;
On the morrow we must part thee,
Many may not see thee more.

But where e'er our duties take us
O'er the thorny path of life
Thy good precepts e'er will make us
Ever ready for the strife.

In the midst of joy and sorrow
And the future's cares unknown
We will ever ever love thee
Love thee, love thee as our own.

Now in parting we do leave thee
Something better far than gold
We do leave thee our affection
And our cherished love of old.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Now when future joys o'ertake thee,
Thou wilt think of joys of old;
So dear master we will give thee,
All our names in story told.

II

Sweeny and Lavelle are looking
Toward Pennsylvania shore
Fitz and Murphy both are sleeping
As they often slept before
Gerry loves his latin grammar
More than story books of old
Grady smiling says 'tis true
Looking back at Donahue
Slade and Farren ne'er repine
Of the joys of olden time
And O'Conner now no longer
Sits upon the organ stool
Little Lynott says to Mylott,
Walsh is going home by rail
And now McCallen never wails
When he ties the foxes tails
Mr. Riley spoke so highly
Of McAndrews when he sung
That little Peter says he's sweeter
Sweeter far than Master Dunne

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Harrig says he'll strike no more
He thinks his striking days are o'er
Bean and Buckley both are sighing
For the joys of long ago
And the Lynches both are trying
How to find where time does flow
Kelly, Keely and O'Donnel
All are growing wise with love
Stoltz and Wallace both are singing
As they sung in days of yore
McGuinness often loves to tell
Of the 6th he liked so well
And Riley says he'll ne'er forget
The kindness that he always met
Our little rhyme we now will end
With Kinney Walsh and Renhend.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

An Evening Vision

All day long, the ball was rolling,
Rolling, rolling o'er the lawn;
We were weary then from strolling,
We had played from early dawn.

Sweetly sang the evening warbler,
Softly tolled the vesper bell;
Slowly o'er us came a slumber,
In this silent peaceful dell.

Now before us rose a vision,
That enrapt our souls with joy;
For no fairer scene Elysian
E'er appeared beneath the sky.

'Sweet Rome before our view did rise,
With all her noble Hills so fair;
St. Peter's seemed to kiss the skies,
So sweet and balmy was the air.

O lovely Rome! the Pilgrim's home,
With all Thy scenes so fair;
Thy marble halls Thy sacred walls,
Do tell us God is there,

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Long did we gaze upon this scene,
So often sung in sweetest song;
When lo! an angel fair serene,
Now came to lead us gently on.

Within St. Peter's holy shrine
We wend our joyful way;
The holy pilgrim needs no sign
To tell him now to pray.

Sweet strains of music o'er us come,
While rapt in sweet and silent prayer;
A grand procession moves along,
Sweet-smelling incense fills the air.

The scene is changed; we pass along
A silent shady wooded way;
Rome's greatest school we look upon,
The students all come out to play.

We looked to see if we might know,
Among the joyous throng
But one among them all; when lo!
A score or more come on.

The first to take us by the hand
Was Bingham, bright and fair;
The next was Buckley, from the band,
And Gwynn with modest air.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Now Gerry comes upon the scene,
And greets us with a smile;
And Farron looking quite serene,
Keeps bowing all the while.

Fitzpatrick now upon the stand,
Says: What does all this mean;
But close behind him comes the band
They call the royal team.

Now Kenefick adds to our joys,
With Kelly, Keeley, both along,
Surrounded by the other boys;
McAndrews sweetly sings a song.

Now Lynch comes forward with a bow,
And welcomes us to Rome;
And Murphy with inquiring brow,
Says: How is dear old home."

Now Wagner not unknown to fame
Comes with O'Connor bold;
And Harrig whom we love the same,
With Johnny Maher of old.

Now Watterson so bright and fair,
With Grady comes to view;
And Bean with unassuming air,
With Fox bids us adieu.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

As all things human have an end,
And many are not what they seem,
So we awoke; there's no amend
To find 'twas all, a pleasant dream.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Sacerdos

Sing, sing, sweet Muses, sing to me,
O sing a joyous melody!
Sing not of Passion's fleeting wine,
But sing of heavenly love divine.

A bright-eyed boy with golden hair,
Sang with his mother pure and fair,
The mother smiled on her beauteous boy
Her fondest hope, her dearest joy.

The song has ceased, the mother prays
Her boy be kept from sinful ways,
That God would guard her darling child
And make him noble, pure and mild.

The boy beholds his mother's face
Bright with the beams of heaven's grace,
"Mother," he cries, "fear not for me,
A holy priest of God I'll be!"

He plods in pain through grammar rules
Pale is his face from lore of schools,
His wit is keen, he gives and takes,
Low cutting puns he never makes.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Long years roll on since he began,
The child was father to the man;
He loved his books, he loved his play,
Yet, life was not a Summer's day.

The world looked bright, serene and grand
Temptations came on every hand;
"O God," he prays, "if it must be,
Give thou me grace, O strengthen me!"

Grace comes at last, the youth has won
The noble fight so well begun;
God's holy sign is on his brow,
And seraphs bright before him bow.

O happy, happy child of grace!
So blessed among the chosen race;
Well may thy friends rejoice in bands
When blest by thy anointed hands.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Homo

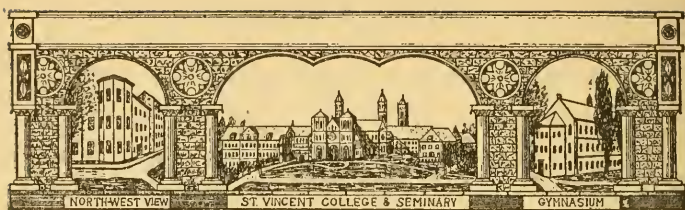
Six thousand years have cycled o'er this sphere
Since Heaven evolved the human form divine,
Immortal proud he stands without a peer
The noblest being in creation's line;
The burning cherubim would fain opine
What new-born god beclouds the lord of day,
What child of nature mazed with nature's
 wine,
Now low adores, now humbly kneels to pray,
'Tis Man immortal mortal Man that claims our
 lay.

Nature's nursling he cons the fairy tales
Of science and of art. In youth's patrol
He loves the mountains high; the shady vales
Sing sad and silent music to his soul,
O'er pleasant paths of poesy he loves to stroll;
He looks not back, the scorn of weak mankind
But speeds his course to gain the destined goal,
And though he fail Parnassian gold to find
The royal realms he trod bring solace to his mind.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The silvery songs of youth console his prime
While pondering deep with philosophic norm,
Now molecules with plastic nature twine,
Then passive Matter with the active Form
He artly joins; the strong Scholastic arm
He wisely wields and thereon builds this
world,
Then steals the fire from Heaven, even from
the storm
And around the Earth the lightning message
twirled
That Man was lord of all with freedom's flag
unfurled.

But lo! the golden doors of Heaven unfold,
The mysteries dread, the mystic heights
sublime
Of grace, election, triune God of old
Imbue his soul. Eternity and Time
With Immortality inspire his rhyme;
Profound abyss, Infinity! To die!
To see the good reward, the end of crime;
The unconscious brute lifts not his head on
high,
'Tis reasoning Man alone that peers into the sky.



Spring at Alma Mater

ST. VINCENTS ARCH ABBEY

Season of beauty and emerald loveliness

Thy magic charm my soul now sweetly lures,
What kindred spirit brings thee forth to bless
The barren earth o'er hills and dales and
moors?

Calm peaceful Spring, who would not rather
dream with thee

Than feel the poignant pangs of stern reality?

Dear Alma Mater, thou art ever fair,

No season mars the beauty of thy face;
Thy sacred hills invite the balmy air

Thy towers and walls repose in classic grace,
Still, still, 'tis Spring, the happy, tranquil,
lovely Spring

That crowns thy childrens joys, that makes
thy songsters sing.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

How beautiful thy mountains rise afar
The undulating hills rest at their feet;
The quiet city with its gates ajar
Where weary strangers ever welcome meet;
The fiery steed of steel with palace rich and
grand
Now flies with lightning speed throughout this
verdant land.

How oft in pleasant mood the students stroll
Along the dear, old "Cherry Path" to view
The broad expanse of heaven seen from the knoll,
Then roll the frenzied eye to visions new,
Thus ease the wearied mind o'ertaxed with learn-
ing's store.
Too soon, too soon, alas! those happy days
are o'er.

How oft they sit within that quiet shade
Where Musicant so loved to sing and play,
Where *boom ba sa sa* joyous laughter made
And liquid music oft inspired the lay.
Ah! bring me back again those happy days of
old,
And you make keep your formal feasts, your
banquets lined with gold.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Life

I sat by the sea one summer morn
And gazed o'er the face of the deep,
The breakers roared by the surge upborne,
As the cliffs were high and steep.

And the problem of life arose in my mind
As the waves came rolling by,
But never an answer could I find
In the ocean's solemn cry.

I asked two friends who sat by my side,
Who were reared mid the lore of the schools,
And one in simple terms replied, —
“ 'Tis the force of molecules.”

But the other refuted in terms more sound,
And soared as a bird on the storm;
“The essence of life,” said he, “is found
In the union of matter and form.”

Then I turned to a youth who gently came
Along with a maiden fair;
“ 'Tis love, true love, with hope of fame,”
He replied, with a joyous air.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Then an aged sire came wandering near,
His speech was wise, his step was slow;
"Life," said he, as he dropped a tear,
"Is a mixture of joy and woe."

"For, I feel with the Bard that life is a stage,
And all the world are players;
Play well your part at every age,
In the midst of your joys or cares."

"If your part's well played, there's hope from
above,
There is hope on the boundless shore;
For there we shall rest in peace and love,
And mysteries shall be no more."

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

To Youth

The river of youth is a wonderful stream,
Though many men hold it as only a dream;
Its fountains are sparkling with gems and with
gold,
Its borders adorned with beauties untold.
Oh, why does it flow now so swiftly along,
Discoursing sweet music with roundelay song?
Sail on, my dear child, in thy boat down the
stream,
Too soon thou'lt awake from thy beautiful
dream!
Beware of the rapids that lie in thy way;
Beware of the siren that sings all the day!
Be just, and fear not, though the billows may
roar,
Thou'lt safely arrive on Eternity's shore.



FATHER GLYNN'S MOTHER MARY
BROTHER JAMES
AND
SISTER-IN-LAW ELIZABETH

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The Golden American Corn

O, for a quaff of the golden meal corn,
As it refreshed my boyhood in early spring
morn.

How often I sang with the birds on the hill,
As the miller was grinding his corn at the mill.
How often I relished corn mush and cake,
That only my good mother knew how to make.

The famed Dr. Johnson enjoyed his oat meal,
And Boswell and Colonel confessed to its weal.
The canny old Scot, and the brave Irish boy,
All sing of its flavor and sing of its joy.
They loved porridge and bread
From the day they were born.
But give me my golden American corn.
Let us sing its praises like the gallant Jack Tar,
For on mush we must win this terrible war.

The Service Star For Humanity

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

The service Star of Bethlehem illumines the
night,

A Babe Divine is born, in arms of Mother
fair,

Angelic choirs now calm the Shepherd's fright.

Heaven and earth unite in golden links of
prayer.

The Blessed Damselle, Virgin pure as snow

Now lifts to heaven the poet's eye in fine
frenzy glow.

So shines the Service Star of Bethlehem radiant
flow,

With kultur of Huns and Goths again laid low,
Deposing the powerful tyrants from their
throne,

Exalting the humble to heaven's zone.

The Divine Babe of Bethlehem, the Service
Star for humanity,

Will shine with providential sheen o'er all,
for eternity.

A Reminder of Christmas Charity

Ye men of wealth, whom God has blest
With smiling plenty's store,
When planning pleasure's future feast,
Do not forget the poor.

How oft I gazed into the shops,
How oft I thought to stead;
A penny's worth of baker's bread
Was oft my daily meal.

And now when I recall those days
That many still endure,
I ask the rich with all my heart
To not forget the poor.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Peace

Come mellow Muse and sing thy sweetest lay,
Come sit with me beneath the olive tree
And sing of Peace in tranquil melody.
Now dawns the morn of bright supernal day,
And horrid War now hies in shame away,
The beauteous bow of heaven now smiles serene,
The Golden Age of Peace now reigns supreme
And holds the world enraptured 'neath its sway.
No more of War for bawdy sailors brawl
Nor haughty Pride nor green-eyed Jealousy
Shall might make right; but Love reciprocal
Shall rule the world in kindred sympathy.
O happy days! O calm Elysian skies!
Fain would I rest within thy Paradise.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

To Our Rt. Reverend Arch-Abbot

On the Festival of His Patron

ST. LEANDER, FEBRUARY 27.

Leander, loved of God, rejoice to day,
Empyrean grace imbues thy placid soul;
All things to all, thou lovest the humbler way
Nor doth thy throne impede thee from the goal.
Dominion's dulcet charm hath nought for thee,
E'en though the jeweled crown bedecks thy brow.
Religion's ark glides safely o'er the sea,

All storms surcease, the peaceful olive bough
Rules all supreme. Leander — not the youth
Charmed by fair Hero o'er the sounding main —
Honors this day, but Seville's Saint; bright truth

Adorns his name. Error he drove from Spain*
But still to thee we turn our father dear,
Before thy throne we come to praise thy name,
O may'st thou live to see the golden year
That cycles on to bring thee heaven's fame.

* The Church prays, "Deus, qui Arianam pravitatem Beati
Leandri . . . doctrina et meritis ab Hispania repulisti;
da plebi tue etc."

The Drowning Babe of Johnstown

Above our quiet city stood
A village bright and fair,
For peace and plenty filled its homes
And joy was everywhere.
'Twas evening, and the sun had set
Behind the western hill,
The moon had risen in the east
And all was clear and still.
Sweet music o'er the waters came
To soothe the rustic mind,
And merry laughter filled the air,
For joy was unconfined.
But soon a change came o'er the scene,
The winds began to rise,
The storm-king raged upon the plain
The lightning filled the skies;
The thunder shook the mighty hills,
The mountains groaned with pain;
The heavens above with violence rent,
Poured forth the fatal rain.
It rained in torrents all night long,
It rained the live-long day,

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

The pious country-people prayed,
The rain might pass away.
The waters soon began to rise
And leap the highest bound,
The people fled towards the hill
Where safety could be found.
Down, down, the raging torrent rushed
From mountain, hill and dale,
The roaring waters dashed along,
And filled our lovely vale.
Near by the village stream there dwelt
A happy, happy pair:
One only child had blessed their life,
And it was very fair.
A boat was moored beside their home
To bear the babe away,
The mother sat close by the crib
Wherein her darling lay;
The rowers pulled with might and main
To gain the nearer side,
But oh! the crib fell off the boat
Into the raging tide.
“My child, my child!” the mother shrieked
“O save my darling child!”
She breathed a prayer and then she leaped
Into the waters wild.
She struggled with the muddy wave,

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

She heard the waters roar;
The boatman grasped her by the arms
And bore her to the shore.
Far off upon the current swift
The crib and babe were seen,
The mother took one longing look,
Then fell upon the green.
The people ran along the banks,
Some stood the child to see;
The babe then waved its tiny hand
As if in childish glee.
"O save my child, my darling child!"
The loving mother cried;
But on the raging waters sped
To fill the foaming tide,
"The bridge, the bridge!" the people cried,
That stood upon the shore,
For soon the crib must strike the bridge,
'Twas nearing more and more;
"Who'll save the child!" near by the bridge
Was heard the piercing cry,
Then spoke a hardy son of toil,
"I'll save it though I die!"
He sprang upon the swaying bridge,
It shook from side to side;
The flood came rushing o'er the rail,
He saw the foaming tide;

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

He knelt upon the bridge's edge,
And held fast to the strand,
The crib came dashing swiftly by,
The babe was in his hand.

Sequel

Though the innocent Babe was saved that day,
Yet scarce two years had passed away
When the fatal, deadly Dam gave way
And, alas, made two thousand graves
For Our Decoration Day.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Poet and Priest

Silver and gold they had none to display,
Yet the lame walk with joy, the blind see God's
day.

The poet and priest inspired from above
Give all they have, and give all for love.
If none be poets save the saints on high,
The heartless man can never know, can never
see the sky,

The tyrant and the king may sit coldly on the
throne

Yet never know the humane heart or feel it as
their own.

The priest himself must know, before the altar
shrine

To lead his little flock to heaven's love divine.
Yet all are priests and all are poets rare
Who have a heart to feel, who have a heart
to care,

Who loves the good, the beautiful and true,
Is both priest and poet if he loves both God
and you.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Our Bishop

(An Acrostic.)

In Honor of His Diamond Birthday.

Our Bishop Phelan, hail, all hail, Sir Knight!
Upon thy natal day we turn to thee,
Rejoice, defender brave of truth and right,

Bishop and Priest, we sing thy melody.
In sooth thou wert a noble giant born,
Still meek as gentle lamb at mercy's call,
High heaven's richest gifts were sent the morn
On which thou madest the step and gave thine
all

Pease hath been thy watchword. The olive
bough

Rules all supreme. Thy valiant strong right
arm

In peace and war defends us from the foe,
Controls thy See serene, preserves from harm.
Hail, honored chief! Hail, worthy lord! All
hail!

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

And may thou reach the goal, four score and
more

Revolving years with deeds. Then may a gentle
gale

Drive thy good Argosy to heaven's golden
shore.

Millions for Eternal Joy and Peace

A rich man died who placed his trust
In gilt-edged bonds and golden dust.
Dame fortune gave him a wand and horn
Upon the morn that he was born.
He blew his horn and waved his wand
And giants rose to seal his bond.
What e'er he touched like genii of old
Changed at once to molten gold.

"I'd give a hundred millions without alloy,
If I could have eternal joy.
My heaven I'd have here below
With no human pain or human woe;
And millions more I would increase,
Could I but have eternal peace.
Who dies with millions dies disgraced, my cry,"
Then leads his camel to the needle's eye.

Yet the angel guarding the golden gate
Says, "I'm sorry, but you failed below to make
a date."

The Awful Magnificent Oratorio

When the Almighty first whirled this universe
into space,
The Systems sang a grand, obedient harmony
of praise.
Each planet, submissive to its Sun, sang milder
melodies,
But all choired "Holy, Holy God of Love
We bow before Thy power above."
Some Suns, inclined to wander from the fold,
Were warned by fiery Comet bold,
Yet heedless of their fate, the Comet returned,
Ope'd its fiery jaws; consumed and burned,
Their ashes now make up its radiant trail.

“The Prince of Peace”

(Dedicated to the Sisters of St. Joseph Hospital)

Come, mellow Muse, and sing thy sweetest lay,
Come sit with me beneath the olive tree
And sing of Peace in tranquil melody,
The Prince of Peace evolves supernal day,
And horrid War now hies in shame away.
The beauteous bow of Heaven will smile serene,
The Golden Age of Peace will reign supreme
And hold the world enraptured 'neath its sway.
No more of War, for greed of gold or power,
Nor haughty Pride, nor green-eyed Jealousy
Shall might make right; but Love reciprocal
Shall rule the world in kindred sympathy.
Peace on earth, to all men free
And Glory to our God shall be,
O happy days! O calm Elysian skies,
Fain would I rset within thy Paradise.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Rev. Mother Bernard, Jubilarian

Our Mother, loved of God, rejoice today,
Ursula's virgin grace imbues thy soul;
Rejoice, sweet virgin doves, rejoice and pray.

Rejubilate! Our Mother's silvery goal
Enshrines this day, dear Mother Bernard,
Virgin fair, we crown thee queen today.
E'en though the jeweled gem adorns thy brow,
Religion's ark glides safely o'er the sea.
Enjoy thy throne today, thy olive bough
Now rules supreme on thine own jubilee.
Dominion's dulcet charm may rule the world.

Mother, thy banner is to heaven unfurled,
O mayst thou live to see the golden year
That cycles on to bring the heaven's fame.
Happy, we sing today, our Mother dear,
Empyrean hymns we chant to praise thy name.
Rejoice, rejoice, with song rejoice we all.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Blessed the morn thou vowed to heaven's call
E'er yet the world entrance thee with its sheen,
Resolved to be none but religion's queen.
No more for praise, no more for haughty pride,
All things to all, none but sweet heaven's bride.
Resolving deeds with years 'till virtue's score
Deals out thy golden crown on heaven's shore.

Janging the Southside Firemen

Jang, jang, jang —

Jang, jang —

Jang, jang, jang.

Hear the Southside fire alarm;
Watch the prancing horses warm;
Watch the silvery harness fall
To the horses from the wall.
Away they go up Carson street,
Trucks, wagons and fiery engine fleet,
Galloping, prancing, on they go,
To drown the fire in tenement row.
Ben-Hur never made a swifter pace,
Nor Roman charioteer in the race,
The noblest steeds, the bravest men,
E'er described by tongue or pen.

Clang, clang, clang —

See the blazing house and sky;
Watch the brave firemen climb on high,
Hear the roaring water fall,
Jang — the fire's out, that's all.

Frick's Charity

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall mercy
gain.

Frick gave his millions to soothe the poor
man's pain.

He kindly kept the golden rule so true,
Do to others as you would have others do to
you.

He made his millions from the poor man's toil,
He could not take them with him to the soil.
Millions make a burden more than most can
bear,

Millions he gave for charity, share for share.
God made each man to play his humble part,
Some are losers, some are gainers from the
start.

Some build monuments to please the human
ken,

Others act with mercy and gain the hearts of
men.

No man can safely judge his fellow man,
None but God alone doth know the royal plan,
Each for each and all for all,
And all alike must face the final call.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Providence Hospital 1918

Providence Hospital claims ten Sisters rare.
All rise at five to offer prayer.
Sister Ligouri now rules with care,
And Serena guards her Virgin Grotto fair.
Elizabeth counts her microbes by X-Ray.
Aquinata and Gabriel work and pray,
Blandina makes the sweetest pills,
Fair Mary Joseph cures our ills,
But Bessie and Jenny make up the bills.
Mary Stephen guards the Nurses' Training
School,
Whilst Wilfred and Bertille observe the rule.
I do nothing but invent or roam,
And occasionally write a little poem.

The Price of War

As Hell is War so War is Hell,
A Sherman and a Dante tell.
A million men dead on the plain
Ten million more far worse than slain.
This is the price of War.

O noble man! O freeborn man!
The highest being in God's plan,
Why sacrifice to idol Mars,
That mean, miserable, low god of Wars?
Our God is God alone.

The battles roar on foreign shore
Why bring us to their death?
To kill our kin, the elder sin
For greed or gold or wealth?
No, never more.

To end the War, to end the War,
Oh Prince of Peace draw near!
Our homes, our lives, our very souls
Are wrapt in War's dread fear.
Why kill our brother man?

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Our Eagle mates with British lion,
The price will be our Nation's sin.
A mongrel brood will soon arise
Like serpent's teeth to crush our cries
 To crush our press, to crush our speech.

Heed we our noble Washington's plea
"Never mix with alien's troubled sea,"
The Briton loves dominions rule
Let us not bow before his school.
 No, never, never more.

Let voice of Freedoms people rise
And swear beneath the vaulted stars;
We'll fight at home for native land,
But never seek for foreign Wars.
 We'll swear, for evermore!

The lust of gold is firecest lust
And the yellow is branded in,
The harlot's shame would be on our brow,
If we are one with the harlot's sin.

The Prince of Peace hath said the word,
"Who draws the sword shall die by the sword"
This is the Price of War and Sin.



FATHER GLYNN'S PARISH CHURCH,
BROWNSVILLE, PA.

St. Peter's Catholic Church, where he
labored most successfully many years.

Our Lord Left the Ninety and Nine

“Laugh and the World laughs with you,
Weep and you may weep alone.”
Some folk may not know others' sorrows,
They may have sorrows deep of their own.

No man can be neutral to others,
Or forget that his neighbor's humane.
Remember, we are all brothers;
We should soothe each other's sorrow and
pain.

The good that we do for our brother
Will reward us even here with joy;
The cup of water we give to another
Will bring us eternal bliss on High.

In Life's fierce contest,
Don't praise too much the winner;
Remember our Lord left the ninety and nine
And sought the wandering sinner.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Ode

To Sister De Paul Brennen of Providence Hospital

Peace hath her conquests more than war;
Charity rules when armies fail.
When love Divine enshrines the hearts of men,
The Heavens proclaim their love.
Not all who wear the crown reward of merit
bear,
Purple and fine linen oft a bauble, price or
favor wear.
All hail —
Farewell, Sister De Paul (a sweet farewell.)
Providence Hospital now weeps with joy
and sorrow wed
That thou art gone. No more thy stately
form
With firm but gentle voice shall fill its halls.
Thy task is done; others now must come to
take thy place.
Complete the work that thou hast begun;
But when we turn time backward in its flight
What scenes we see!

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Six years yet scare have flown
Since Sister De Paul began her noble work —
To build this house for God's infirm and poor.
The walls in Reeves' old manse were cold and
bare;
The cricket sang his song beneath the hearth.

Serena, with Vicentia and Maria Joseph
fair —

These four Black Caps that gave this house
its birth —

What did they fear when Providence the helm
did guide?

The dim religious light soon filled the chapel-
hall.

The Virgin's grotto, where virgins virgin call.
Effulgent grace whate'er betide doth now
abound.

Its noble walls to Heaven now proudly rise,
But many a tear was shed and prayer oft rent
the skies

Before success was sure — before was won the
prize,

Providence Hospital, that sits near Beaver's
Vale and Falls.

What stories thou couldst tell couldst speak
thy walls,

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Of joys and sorrows, pain and grief and woe,
The poignant pangs of stern reality we all must
know;

The grace triumphant that o'ercomes the strife,
And angel-virgins lead us to a better life.

All hail, Providence Hospital — All hail, Sister
De Paul!

Like Paul himself, thou art all things to all;
Thy hands were ever open to charity's sweet call.
Thou art indeed a Brennen on the Moor,
When Charity called thou didst see Christ at
the door.

The Poor Sparrow

Friend hast thou time to hear of Joy and Woe?
One eve I sat within my vine clad portico,
Reading of heroes, both great and small,
Of War and Peace, of Heaven and Hell,
Of men and money, and all who wait the final
knell,

When with a shriek a sparrow poor flew near
the wall.

A sudden storm had spoilt her fledgling's home,
And hurled her dearies to the world below.

But O the pity of it, O the woe,
A fox-like cat, just then perchanced to roam;
No Spartan ever fought a braver fight,
Than that poor sparrow fought that night.
And when I placed her birdies safe above,
I thought poor sparrow, like to me in woe and
love,

Thou art a roamer upon this world so fair,
To clean the streets, to shrill the air,
To pick the bridal rice before my church's door,
And share it with thy young where'er they soar.

The Hospital Grotto

Adapted by the Jubilarian

A man, all city, weary too,
A breath of balm, it makes him dream —
In youth a garden old he knew;
He saw it in the star-light gleam.
Again he viewed the blossoms rare,
Whose scent on every breeze was blown;
And in his dream he wandered there —
But there he wandered not alone!

The story here might have its end
Had not the man a poet been,
But midnight saw him sadly wend
Back to his garret there to lean
Above a table while he wrote
How Life and Fate had done him wrong;
And with an aching heart and throat
He shrined his sorrow in a song.

The poem printed o'er his name
By land and sea spread far and wide,

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

It turned the tide, it brought him fame
And almost all Fate had denied.

But what is all alas without
The sweetest guerdon life can bring,
Ay what is life with love left out?
A barren worthless bitter thing.

Haply when fortune turns, sometime,
It turns indeed and brings its best;
With patience list my simple rhyme
A moment further — hear the rest:
The Poet's song, it strayed at last
To that old garden on the hill
The Virgin's Grotto of the past,
The minstrel's sweetheart, waiting still.

What happened next, you ask. Well well,
If you can't guess, 'tis very droll;
It is not, sir, true art to tell
Of any story quite the whole.
Now Betsey maid, who writes for me,
Think you she fancied she'd set free
The ending of a romance gay?
Serene in Hospital Grotto, there's Jubilee
today.

My Trained Nurse

Tender, loving, gentle and true,
Science made the doctors,
But God made you.

Pretty and graceful, cheerful and fair,
Society has cold etiquette
But thou art debonair.

Kindest and sweetest purer than gold,
The world has its queens.
But you never grow old.

Early and late thou dost sit by my side.
Thou art my guardian angel
No harm shall betide.

When weary and sad from the ills of life,
Thou dost cheer me, console me
And help me in the strife.

Tender, loving, gentle and true,
Science made the doctors,
But God made you.

Irish Canary's Freedom Song

Oh, would that my heart could utter
The thoughts that arise in me,
As I hear the canary's soul song
Complaint for liberty.
Hast thou heard the canary's liberty song,
Its rapturous carol all day long?
I have heard the mocking bird
And Galli-Curci true;
I have heard sweet Patti
And Ireland's John McCormack, too.
The symphonies and rhapsodies
Of Damrosch rich and rare,
Yet none of those in harmony
With my Irish canary can compare.
How oft distract I try to pray
With formal ceremony,
When my little yellow fellow
Laughs me to shame with prayerful melody.
From lowest G to highest C
With coloratura and miserere,
No scale was yet so high or long
As to hold my little Irish fellow's

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Soulful heartfelt song.

An English bishop said one day,

With hypocritic roundelay:

“My little friend, I pity thee.”

“Then why not make me free,” he plead.

“Ah! only yesterday at that

I saw an English sinful cat,

Thou shouldst a willing prisoner be

Lest that evil cat should murder thee.”

Who Caused the High Cost of Living?

Who caused the high cost of living?
Not I, says the speculator,
Though I may corner corn in my elevator,
And some folks call me a manipulator,
Yet blame me not for the high cost of living.

Who caused the high cost of living?
Not I, says the humble toiler,
For a living wage I'm daily bent,
To keep wifie and kids and pay the rent,
I'm not the dark despoiler.

Who caused the high cost of living?
Not I, says the farmer,
The false charge often makes me sweat,
I work hard from sunrise to sunset,
But I'm not quite a millionaire yet,
Not I, says the farmer.

Who caused the high cost of living?
Not I, says the banker,
I have not caused the canker,
Money makes money, as bees make honey,
Not I, says the banker.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Who caused the high cost of living?
Not I, says the consumer,
I am the victim of the gnawing tumor,
High cost consumes the consumer,
The subtle charge is a wicked rumor.
Not I, says the consumer.

Well, then, who did cause the high cost of
living?
It was I, said Mars, the red god of wars,
I was the first cause of the
High cost of living,
But now that the war is o'er, I am the cause no
more.
And the false profiteer with his 100% lire,
Is the real villian in the high cost of living.

Father Anastasius Kreidt—Requiescat
In Peace

An Ambassador of Christ has died,
Died as he mounted Calvary's Altar High,
Bearing God's burden with humble joy
Bowing his head, "Thy will be done," he cried.

Oh the years he prayed and the tears he stayed
The conversions of humble sinners he made,
The records alone in Heaven can tell
As he heard God's call at the final bell.

How kindly he thanked me when I gave him
Our Lord
In daily Communion near the hospital ward.
The heavenly smile on his radiant face
Enshrined this great soul in a state of grace.

He saw great souls in men, saints in women
And the image of God in all,
He served His God and helped his fellow men
The Carmelite monk hears the last joyful call.

The Millenium Approaches

*Let Us Forgive Them Their Debts As
They Forgive Their Debtors.*

If poor tremulous Europe would only disarm
We might place them again on a paradise farm ;
Forgive them their debts, as they forgive their
debtors

And prove to the world than none are our
betters.

If England would sink her navy to the depths
of the sea,

And with heroic sacrifice set all Ireland free,
The whole world would rejoice on a basis of
gold,

With Russia and Germany back in the fold,
The commerce of all nations would flourish like
Jericho's Rose,

And the world would again return to a state of
repose.

With Peace on Earth, all men and Nations free,

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

We would give glory to God in Christian harmony.

America, God's Promised Land of Liberty,
Forgive them their debts, and set the whole
world free!

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Mass Celebrated in Johnstown Under a Grape Arbor the First Sunday After the Disas- trous Flood at the Former Home of the Rev. Father J. R. Matthews Now of Washington, D. C.*

Under the grape arbor Father Taheny stood
Noah like offered the Holy Sacrifice after the
Flood.

The beauteous bow of heaven shone o'er us then
And we bowed to God's will with a grand amen.
Sweetly the birds sang the Gloria's lines
Whilst we served the Mass under the spreading
vines.

Melchisedec like we brought bread and wine
And rang the bell gently 'neath the purpling
vine.

Moses worshipped God in the Tabernacle Tent
The Lord God of Hosts was pleased and content.
The honor had we an honor most rare
Of offering the Holy Sacrifice in God's sweet
air.

The Majesty of Heaven and the Angels were
there
And under the canopy of heaven we communed
in prayer.

* He has recently been elevated and become the Rt. Rev.
Mgr. J. R. Matthews.



The Yellowstone. Night's Plutonian
Shore

Old Homer, Virgil and Dante dread
Depict the eternal regions of the dead.
Poe's Raven darkly brings us visions more
That draw our minds to Night's Plutonian
shore.

But all hell's havoc and all hell's fire
Must have combined here in this infernal fire.
On the hills above my own Johnstown I stood
In awe the morn after the fatal Flood,
But never, never more can poet pen
Such sombre scenes as fill this awful glen.
On old Yellowstone's Fire Hole river
We may still see Charon on the Styx
And Erebus and the dreaded Nox,
The boat filled with dead souls, souls that
quiver,
Pluto and Vulcan are most busy here
And Minos brings to judgement all this sphere.
At last the Canyon's yawning maw
Engulfs the sordid souls that once defied God's
Law.

The Patient Nun

One year on Hospital bed she has lain
Although her limbs are racked with constant
 pain
Yet never a murmur does this Nun complain.
Slowly the clock ticks through the long night
And the Nurse comes in to make the pillow
 right,
But patience sweet patience is this good Nun's
 delight.
The long night gives way to the grey morn
 without fears
It means Communion time when Our Lord
 appears
United in prayer united in love
She communes with Our Lord and his angels
 above.



What Does It Profit a Man?

The majestic Blaine, Knight of the flowing Plume
Served Twenty Years in Congress Halls,
Thrice had he the Presidency within his calls,
Yet Providence consigned him to an unsung
Tomb.

What does it profit any mortal man
Who may know all things in pliant nature's
plan?

Who knows the inmost secrets of the earth
Yet disowns the Creator Who gives them birth?
Where now is Cheops his slaves and Queen so
bland?

All gone but the mummy and the Pyramid
grand.

Where now is Alexander and his conquered
worlds?

Demosthenes who his Philippics hurls?

Where now is the mighty Caesar his Omnia
Gallia pride?

Dashed on the shores of time's rebounding tide.
Where now is Cicero and the great Democracy
of Rome?

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Crumbled is the Forum not a stone upon a stone.
So pass we all unto the slimy sod,
The Creator alone remains the same The
Almighty God.
Still, What does it profit a man? Who shall
pay the toll?
If he owned the whole world, yet loses his own
soul?

Carnegie

Come mellow muse and sing thy sweetest lay,
Come sit with me beneath the olive tree
And sing success and the master mind Carnegie.
Sing of the orphaned boy and mother poor,
When fate came coyly tapping at his door
He grasped her fast and ne'er would let her
pass
Until she yielded all her golden store.
Industry and thrift oft makes for more than
college lore.
To choose his Schwab and gain his love and
mind,
"YOU cannot fail he said, failure is not your
kind,
And I will help you build up to the sky,
Failure is but the weakling's envious cry."
The monuments he built more endurable than
brass
Will preach his praises until time shall pass.
He claimed to love and help his fellow men
To help themselves. Of science he had little
ken.

FATHER GLYNN'S POEMS

Yet, behold his gifts, Carnegie Institute so
grand,
Fine Arts, Music, Libraries and Technic, Col-
lege Funds,
God's holy temples with his big organ's solemn
roar
May give him final welcome to the golden shore.

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